MOTHER EARTH

VOL. X. March, 1915 No. 1

SOUVENIR NUMBER

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EMMA GOLDMAN, - - - - Publisher
ALEXANDER BERKMAN, - - - Editor

Office: 20 East 125th Street, New York City
Telephone, Harlem 6194

Price, 10 Cents per Copy One Dollar per Year

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MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature
Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Proprietor, 20 East 125th Street, New York, N. Y.
ALEXANDER BERKMAN, Editor.

Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. X **MARCH, 1915** **No. I**

THE ROAD TO HELL

BY CLEMENT RICHARDSON WOOD

As chum and pal I have been haled
By the fallen and the failed;
As comrade I have halved my crust
With dust-stained children of the dust;
As brother I have lipped the drink
Of sunken ones too low to sink.
I find them cronies good enough,
Their souls still filled with finer stuff
Than all the solemn, righteous folk
Who never stoop to crack a joke.
Aye, the elect ones of the Lord
Quite frankly make me sick and bored.
If yonder sleek, round-bellied priest
Is on the list for Heaven's feast;
If Jesus died to help the rich
Relieve their endless money-itch,
I don't need Feast or Kingdom Come;
I'm for the hobo and the bum,
The soul "that's mildewed to the core",
For brother thief and sister whore;
And if theirs is the road to hell,
I like the journey very well.

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MOTHER EARTH TENTH ANNIVERSARY

NINE years ago, with no experience, but with abundant enthusiasm and the great capital of $250, MOTHER EARTH was thrown upon the world in quest of intellectual and spiritual adventures.

As at the birth of every first born, the friends and foes of MOTHER EARTH predicted all sorts of mishaps for the child. Some said, in a Puritan world, there is no place for the illegitimate; others would have it that though bastards have often gained recognition, it was only by denying their origin. Still others insisted that while the right of the mother to her child can not be questioned, yet the commuity or the group ought to have some say in the how and whither MOTHER EARTH should go. Finally there were those who prophesied the inevitability of compromise as the only guarantee of survival, since no one can defy all accepted values and remain alive.

That was nine years ago. To-day MOTHER EARTH begins her tenth journey through life. She has not denied her illegitimacy, nor has she submitted to group control. She has not relaxed her defiance, yet she is able to begin her tenth year with deeper faith and greater determination than she had at her birth.

MOTHER EARTH has survived because she hitched her wagon to a star and with its light to guide her difficult journey the pitfalls, though numerous, were safely steered past. The twofold aim of MOTHER EARTH, since her incepton was first; always to voice untrammeled and unafraid every unpopular cause; second, to establish a unity between revolutionary thought and artistic expression. To accomplish this MOTHER EARTH had to keep aloof from party policies, even Anarchist policies, from sectarian favoritism, indeed from every influence, while well-intentioned, would yet have obscured her goal.

For this, she was often repudiated by some Anarchists, as merely fostering private ends, by Socialists as being in the employ of capitalism, the old political parties, aye even the Catholic Church, while the moralists decried her as an utterly vicious and brazen creature, not to be tolerated in a decent home. All of which is inevitable in the day's work of an undaunted spirit. It is therefore

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not with lamentations or complaints that MOTHER EARTH begins her tenth year. Rather is it with appreciation for the criticism of her friends and the condemnation of her enemies. But for them, MOTHER EARTH may not have had the necessary strength to persevere in the face of difficulties.

The main concern on this anniversary of her tenth year is whether or not MOTHER EARTH has accomplished the task she set before herself. Realizing that the only way to be honest to one's purpose one must first be honest with oneself—MOTHER EARTH frankly admits she has not. She has not always spoken as ably and as determinedly in behalf of every just struggle, not because of lack of interest or daring, but because of limitation of space, and still greater limitation of contributors, who could not or would not expound the particular issue involved. Neither has MOTHER EARTH always succeeded in bringing together the revolutionary spirit with that of the creative. That is because the creative artist himself in America has barely discovered his relation to the great social struggle about him.

Elsewhere in this issue, our friend, Harry Kelly, has enumerated the various movements and events sponsored, defended and succored by MOTHER EARTH. His list is far from exhausted;—the Mexican Revolution, the Lawrence, West Virginia and Paterson strikes, the Rangel-Cline, Suhr-Ford and Hill cases, the Ludlow horrors have all received consideration from MOTHER EARTH. Neither has she failed those who have risen individually against the conditions which mar and maim life.

Along literary and artistic lines, I have but to mention such names as Frederich Nietzsche, Fyodor Dostoievsky, Gerhart Hauptman, August Strindberg, and Meunier, whose works have been interpreted in MOTHER EARTH, as they certainly have not been in any other publication. Last but not least are Voltarine de Cleyre's Collected Works, though made possible largely through the generous contributions of our comrades, have been given to the world in a manner befitting the spirit of Voltarine de Cleyre.

Perhaps MOTHER EARTH might have been bigger, finer and above all more versatile, but to be all that means to

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reach perfection, a privilege granted only to the gods. MOTHER EARTH is human, all too human, therefore it will, no doubt, continue to blunder and be faulty. However, MOTHER EARTH will never recede from her position, she will never yield to conventions or shirk consequences, she will remain undaunted and she will be heard!

With this bold declaration, MOTHER EARTH makes her tenth bow to the world. To all those who have loved and sustained and encouraged her, she sends once more her greeting and her deep appreciation.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

Owing to the fact that this is an Anniversary number we have been compelled to leave all other matter, including important comments, for the April issue. Also articles about the three Comrades which the Revolutionary movement has lost this month: Jack Whyte, George Brown and our French Comrade, Old Zibelin. Tributary articles to them will appear next month.

ANNIVERSARY MUSINGS

BY ALEXANDER BERKMAN

NEW YORK seems far, far away—almost two thousand miles separate me from dear old Gotham—but my mind reverts to the familiar scenes, and my spirit dwells again among the friends and comrades gathered to celebrate the tenth anniversary of our little magazine, MOTHER EARTH.

And well we may celebrate the occasion. Nine long years of an uphill fight against tremendous odds, a quiet day-by-day fight, made more difficult because of the lack of the spectacular and the hopelessness of "immediate" results.

I once heard some one say that no periodical has a right to exist more than ten years. A decade is sufficient—he argued—to make even the most radical publication "established" and conservative, and therefore a traitor to its initial spirit and purpose. The more reason have our friends to rejoice at the tenth anniversary of MOTHER EARTH, for even nine years have not "established" the magazine in the sense of financial success, nor turned it conservative, for MOTHER EARTH is as badly out-

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spoken and as uncompromising to-day as was in its first issue of nine years ago.

The reason for it is obvious and fortunate. Our magazine voices a movement; it is not the organ of a party. A party—political or otherwise—necessarily becomes more circumscribed in thought, more rigid in feeling and timid in action, in proportion as it grows in numbers and power. A movement, on the contrary, is inherently flexible, constantly forced to widen its boundaries, and to receive new inspiration and courage through the influx of new elements.

Anarchism is a social philosophy, a revolutionary tendency, a popular movement—never a party. MOTHER EARTH seeks to voice the various expressions of the Anarchist spirit. Let us rejoice that that spirit and its voice, by their very nature, defy all that is rigid and hide-bound.

* * *

I suppose that in the life of every revolutionist there is a period—as there was in my life—when the words "Social Revolution" charmed forth the vision of a great upheaval, beginning perhaps in some little incident of rebellion, unexpected and sudden, and as suddenly sweeping the country—aye, the whole world—with the fire of a tremendous revolutionary uprising destined to end, after a short period of transition, in the triumph of Communist Anarchism.

But Time tempers the impatience of Youth with the clarified perception of experience and understanding. Slowly, but imperatively, life forces us to learn to conceive of the Social Revolution as something less cataclysmic and mechanical, something more definite and humanly real.

Not over night, nor from over the mountains, Messiah-like, comes revolution, much less the Social Revolution. If the latter means a complete and lasting social change, a fundamental reorganization of life based on the revaluation of popular ideas and conceptions, then it necessitates the gradual—primarily individual—substitution of new values for old ones. Human institutions are founded upon generally accepted, and therefore dominant, ideas. To uproot the former it is necessary to revolutionize the

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concepts underlying them. That is the most vital work within the daily evolutionary process of society. Its accelerated pulse-beats, called revolutions, are merely the mileposts indicating the distance covered; they measure individual growth within social progress; they materialize the conscious striving toward enlarged individual self-ownership, increased economic opportunity, and greater social liberty.

Many and various are the streams that pour into life's ocean, constantly agitating the apparently even flow of its waters. But never can this or that particular storm of itself force life into new channels. Rather, I take it, do the various disturbing elements—however different in tendency or often even antagonistic in purpose—conspire to agitate the lazy currents of human thought, awakening discontent and discussion, breaking down old traditions and dead men's barriers, and ultimately crystalizing into broader conceptions and higher aspirations, interpreted into action.

If the above be true, how vital then and significant is the propaganda of Anarchism, which seeks no illusory temporary advantage or the fickle acclaim of the unawakened. Rather does it labor to vitalize the self-consciousness of the social units and groups, to revolutionize understanding and stimulate emotion, to inspire the daring that translates ideals into reality and thus serves to undermine the accepted, the static and ossified. To rouse humanity to continuously greater self-consciousness—the first step toward self-ownership and assertion—is the purpose of Anarchist propaganda.

What it is accomplishing can be doubted only by the willfully blind. In every phase of human activity the Anarchic spirit, the conscious breaking of old fetters and constant striving for greater liberty, is manifesting itself in no uncertain manner. In art and science, in literature and the drama, in education and the rearing of children, in the family and the attitude of woman—everywhere there is going on a progressive breaking of ikons, a bold and determined seeking of new paths. Post-impressionism in art and literature, futurism in painting and philosophy, humanism in science, the rebellion of woman, the increasing menace of the disinherited,

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awakening to the dignity of man and the power of labor —what are all these but manifestations of the Anarchist spirit, the creation of new human and social values?

* * *

Here and there, it is true, the breath of reaction casts poisonous blackness athwart the path of light. It blinds the vision of man, and tortures him with the madness of the past. He loses his way, and gropes in the darkness; he mistakes friend for foe, and drenches the earth with the blood of his brothers. And all seems dark, and men lose hope.

Carnage walks the earth. The stench fills the air; it grows overpowering. It disgusts and revolts. . . . The mind staggers at the ghastly sight; hearts pant for breath and air, and then—the black clouds break, strong rays pierce the dark, and the cry of sobered hearts and minds beats back the foul madness and stamps the bloody fetich into the graveyard of the past.

Out of its ashes rises a clearer perception and a strengthened will. The will to be, to grow, to assert. The old lies dead, destroyed. No power can wake it into life again. The debris is cleared away, and the newer vision turns from the blackened old paths and casts about for a broader, freer road. The dynamic genius of liberty accelerates the pulse of humanity and vitalizes its firmer step.

May the tenth year of MOTHER EARTH contribute its share in this rejuvenation, and shed light and inspiration upon the broader, freer road.

We have received the following night-letter from Comrade Alexander Berkman: "Stories credited to me by the press regarding Lexington explosion are faked—no truth in them whatever."

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ANARCHY—Absence of government; disbelief in, and disregard of invasion and authority based on coercion and force; a condition of society regulated by voluntary agreement instead of government.

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MOTHER EARTH

1905-1915.

By HARRY KELLY.

NINE years have slipped over the divide since a half dozen of the faithful gathered at the office of Dr. Solotaroff, on East Broadway, to discuss ways and means of launching a new publication based upon libertarian principles. Several meetings were held, and then, as always, an individual took the initative and the publication MOTHER EARTH appeared.

The original intention was to make a magazine similar to *L'Humanite Nouvelle,* that brilliant and scholarly publication issued at Brussels, but time quickly changed all that. In our opinion the general or average standard of intelligence is higher in America than it is in Europe, but as for a real intellectual class it is so small as to be almost negligible. People familiar with the revolutionary movement in this country know how scornful and disgusted the European idealist becomes after a short stay here. The idealism of Russia, the revolutionary spirit of the Latin worker and the sturdy independence of the Teuton and Anglo-Saxon are talked about and compared to the disadvantage of Americans with their crass materialism and greed for money. The real facts are that the idealism and revolutionary spirit of the European countries are the same as here—limited to a mere handful of people who in no wise represent the masses. The absence of an intellectual class here made the publication of such a magazine as *L'Humanite Nouvelle* impossible at that time, and it is more than doubtful if it could be done now.

We ventured the opinion nine years ago that writers for a magazine published by Emma Goldman would be classified as Anarchists and that it would be straight Anarchist, not merely liberal. This happened before the second number appeared. Upon the appearance of the first number the newspapers promptly called it an Anarchist magazine and two of the contributors hastily disassociated themselves from it and asked for the return of manuscript sent in for publication. From time to time MOTHER EARTH has had a contributor who was not

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an Anarchist but from the second number it has been a straight out-and-out Anarchist publication.

A ten-cent publication without advertisements can not properly be called an organ of the working-class. MOTHER EARTH has, however, advocated libertarian principles and fought the fight of the disinherited of the earth to the best of its ability. Anarchists recognize clearly—more clearly, perhaps, than any school of thought—that in the reconstruction of society all classes must be influenced and all classes contribute. Denunciation of the working-class for submitting to exploitation is as futile as pious appeals to the capitalists to get off their backs. Some men are touched by an appeal to self-interest, others to a spirit of solidarity; so the exploiter, who because of this feeling of solidarity, gets off the backs of workingmen and takes his place in the revolutionary movement contributes his share to the breakdown of capitalism with the conscious revolutionary worker. The ratio may be unequal but it is there and must not be disregarded. It is impossible to liberalize one part of society without doing it to the rest.

Every question of moment that has arisen during the last nine years has been considered and every movement of revolt against constituted authority has been supported by MOTHER EARTH. The rise of the Syndicalist Movement, the assassination of Francisco Ferrer by the Catholic Church and the government of Spain, of Denjiro Kotoku and his comrades by the Japanese government, the unemployed movement here, the Free Speech fights of San Diego, Spokane and other places, together with protests against the European war have all found support and such encouragement as it was possible to give them. Anarchism, is after all more a fluent dynamic force than a definite social state. It destroys old forms and in so far as it does it prepares the way for a new society and is therefore properly speaking a constructive force. The social rebel appears everywhere; in all lands, in many guises. To-day, in the labor movement; tomorrow, in education; the day after, sapping the foundations of the political state; in art, the drama and in all forms of life. Linked with an invisible bond that expresses itself in a spiritual rather than a material form,

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the Pougets and Patauds of the labor movement, Ferrer in education, Anatole France in literature, Ibsen in the drama and the countless young artists all work to a common end—a new time where men and women will be really and truly free.

MOTHER EARTH has tried to interpret the ideals, hopes and aspirations of these pioneers, of these dreamers of dreams. It has tried to make articulate the cry of the downtrodden and exploited masses struggling for the means of life, and that of the artist for soul expression, for the two are but different manifestations of the same spirit. It has blundered in some things and has not always shown a tolerance to others. This is natural enough; for revolutionists are people of strong convictions, intense in all they do, and this very quality often makes them dogmatic and intolerant toward those with whom they differ. It has been brave and strong; and when crises like the McNamara earthquake struck the labor movement and so many white feathers were shown, MOTHER EARTH was there strong and smiling at the finish. Again, in the case of the Lexington Avenue explosion of last year it never faltered, never doubted itself. Flamboyant and theatrical, its methods were different from what ours might have been, but it was bold and uncompromising, and none can deny its sincerity.

The past decade has been a stormy period and the struggle MOTHER EARTH has had to maintain itself epitomizes, in a sense, the larger struggle going on throughout the world. It is more than doubtful if the struggle will be moderated as time goes on; on the contrary, it will probably be intensified. To be ahead of the times is the crime of crimes; and MOTHER EARTH will have to struggle to exist. It has fought a good fight against heavy odds and has deserved more than it has received. May it grow and develop, and the flame of liberty lighted nine years ago be kept burning, that it may unite with other flames that will in time illumine the world.

ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

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TO THE FRIEND OF ALL OF US: MOTHER EARTH

REBEKAH E. RANEY.

SIX years ago I made a discovery—the discovery that light and truth and courage and sympathy were to be found in a little monthly magazine, surnamed the same as this galloping ball under our feet. Before then I had read varying periodicals, and I confess I was in that state of gullible receptivity where I really believed the snorting journalists of respectability were taking issue with each other. Credence is both wonderful and terrible. It unmans even woman to face the morrow.

I remember I had only just finished reading Frederick Taylor's series on efficiency when I collided with MOTHER EARTH. You can picture to yourself the shock to my constitution to have the assimilation of so weighty a matter thus rudely interrupted. And that, too, when my digestive apparatus was working overtime along conservative lines. I believed I had come to comprehend fully how it was possible for a man to lift a million or two tons more of pig iron or lead without having the exertion deplete his staying power in the least degree. As my little brain saw it then, the clock was the thing; all leaders were great; and the man who could squeeze the most labor out of a human being in a given time (without harming him visibly) was the real genius of civilization. "As it was in the beginning" it is not always —in the end. That was six years ago.

In the six years gone by, a little parchment messenger known as MOTHER EARTH has come regularly to follow up its initial work of revising my perspective. Its publisher calls it a magazine. I do not regard it in that light. MOTHER EARTH is a friend. Oh, I know it wears a printer's disguise, but in this world we must have some form to be seen at all, so why not type? I often wonder how the circulation in my head kept up its regular gait before I came upon this modest trumpeter of treasonable truth. The point is that I, like many others, never felt the need of particular illumination till I received it. It takes a ray of light to discover the darkness in a room.

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MOTHER EARTH contends she has been masquerading in her pamphlet attire for ten years. We believe what she says, but the period of her existence is not the important part. The fact that she exists is what matters, and I for one hail the presence, the promise, the performance of this triumphant sounding-board of ideas as an augury of the day when men will see the folly of pursuing vacuums in order that they may have unnecessary space.

WHAT MOTHER EARTH MEANS TO ME

BY DAVID RUDIN.

MOTHER EARTH has spirit because it has thought; it has survived because it has an ideal; it grows because it is rebellious—it can never be perfect. It is vigorous, discontented, uncompromising and insatiable. It is unique!

In ten years this prodigy has proven its value if in no other way than in its survival. Any magazine that carries an unyielding message of liberty, an independent spirit of revolt must encounter an allied opposition of persecution, starvation and misinterpretation. MOTHER EARTH knows these ordeals. This indomitable little magazine goes on, breaking through every impediment, spurred on by a vision of social equality and unrestricted freedom.

MOTHER EARTH is and always should be open to the severest criticism. It must evade dangerous pitfalls, it must constantly guard against becoming a dogmatic dictator or an imbecile institution. It will be in a position of either advancement or retrogression—never in a state of mediocre stagnation.

Dedicated as it is to the unpopular cause of a passionate minority, superior as it is to the snare of pretentious success, it will remain faithful to the cause which it so daringly champions.

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MOTHER EARTH AND LABOR'S REVOLT

By Tom Mann.

I TAKE great satisfaction in writing my congratulations to and expressing my admiration for the controllers of MOTHER EARTH. For nine years it has voiced in clear terms the necessity for "working class solidarity," "direct action in all industrial affairs" and "free association." I subscribe to each of these with heart and mind. We have been passing through a long and dreary stage of Bureaucratic Stateism, and we are not out of it yet. Because of it, the European war became an easy affair to precipitate, when the hour arrived that served the purposes of the War Lords, Governments and Bureaucrats.

The condition of Europe to-day, after six months of war, is such that there is much excuse for good honest lovers of freedom to bewail the present and future of mankind. No doubt that there were millions of men and women in Europe, who fearlessly strove for the advancement of mankind; the vast majority of these to-day are either actually engaged in war or are actively supporting the war by their everyday efforts, believing that they are either resisting "barbaric aggression," or are engaged in the defense of Human Liberty and Progress.

Neither the organized Social Democrats of Germany, nor the Socialists or Syndicalists of France, and certainly not the Labor Movement of Britain were equal to the exhibition of international solidarity, when the governments of these countries decided to throw open the hell-gates that have fed hatred, savagery, and a desire for maiming and killing on the vastest scale the world has known.

Fate decided that the crucial test should first be experienced by the Germans, and these singularly failed to practice the solidarity they had stood for; how near to being really successful the minority were, who were prepared to face every obstacle rather than identify themselves with Kaiser and Government, it is not yet easy to judge. But we are compelled to know that the real Internationalists of the respective countries were miserably inadequate successfully to initiate the spirit of solidarity.

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I most sincerely believe that the chief reason for this insufficiency is to be found in the fact that, as yet, it is only a small percentage of the workers who are emancipated from the bourgeois conception of life. There is still a belief in State, in government, in rulers; and the beauty of a free condition of society, co-operating in all its parts, with an absence of domination from any section has not as yet been fully perceived by them; and until it is, in the hour of crises, they will turn to the institution through which power, government and domination finds chief expression.

This being so, I am the more grateful to the editor and conductors of MOTHER EARTH for laboring so thoroughly to popularize principles calculated, as I believe, to emancipate mankind, intellectually and economically.

I desire to add that, notwithstanding the awful fact that there are now thirty millions of men, either at war, preparing for war, or, already maimed and killed in this present topnotch effort at human annihilation,I am unable to be really pessimistic with regard to the future. It is too much to hope that the Americans, not being embroiled in this slaughtering campaign, will, as onlookers, see much more clearly than most of us have been able to, the real need for bedrock class conscious advocacy of such principles of national and international co-operation, as will admit of relatively rapid advance being made.

The servile State is here, and this accursed war is giving it another lease of life. State ownership and administration will stand a better chance after the war than before; yet I venture to predict that this stage will not last long. It will be the final, but perhaps, necessary stage of modern Capitalism, speedily to be superceded by a freer co-operation of peoples, minus an official bureaucracy, which in recent times has existed in its most highly developed form in Germany.

Allow me to express my thanks to the group of comrades who have kept MOTHER EARTH running for nine years as a source of inspiration and guidance. May its tenth year of life prove of even greater use than the past.

Manchester, England.

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AN APPRECIATION BY AN ARTIST

By Robert Henri

IT is now several years since I went, out of curiosity, to hear Emma Goldman speak. Like many another, I had heard of her as a violent and dangerous agitator; an Anarchist bent on the destruction of the institutions of our civilization and an advocate of chaos. I was curious to see and to hear for myself. I heard a cool, logical and brilliant speaker, appealing to the reason and understanding of her audience. Since that day I have heard her speak many times, have read her works; and I believe her to be one of the world's greatest fighters for the freedom and growth of the human spirit. Her arguments are for order and for human kindness; and they are undoubtedly destroying to all those institutions of our civilization, which not only make possible, but bring about war, labor strife, all kinds of prostitution, and education which does not set the spirit free. She provokes thought; straight, frank, facing with the facts and the emotional problems of life. The present horrible war is only one of the plain proofs of ineffectiveness on the part of the institutions of our civilization. It seems time to listen to other reason than that which has failed; to other students of the causes of crime, of poverty and the scant fulfillment of man's promise. It is time to let them talk plainly to us. Whitman, Ibsen, Tolstoi, Kropotkin, many others, have set an undercurrent of new and stronger thought and Emma Goldman, with ideas and the rarest quality of courage in expressing what she believes to be true, is here to talk plainly to us as though we were free thinking creatures and not the children of Puritans.

I cannot see as a result of her inspirations the adherence to any *ism*, but I do see an incentive for each one to become a free and constructive thinker. If each individual faced more frankly the facts and the emotional problems of life, we would not be sitting, as we are doing now, saying: "This war is horrible, but we suppose it's God's will."

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CONGRATULATIONS—PLUS

By ADELINE CHAMPNEY.

IT is a time honored custom to offer congratulations and good wishes upon the occasion of a birthday anniversary; one of the few accepted customs which Time has not rather dishonored and outworn. Hence in availing myself of this observance I experience something of the joy peculiar to the careful housewife who in the course of her spring cleaning discovers among the odds and ends which must be relegated to the rubbish barrel a piece of perfectly good material which she can utilize.

In the periods of intellectual house-cleaning which no life should be too busy to afford, old valuations may often profitably be reviewed and hasty judgments corrected, for a wise conversation of all which, though old, rings true, is often as important as the discovery of the new. With the consciousness that since the advent of MOTHER EARTH I have made such a revaluation comes the feeling that some new declaration of myself is necessary in the renewed assurance of friendship implied in this presentation of congratulations.

Truly something more than congratulations are due MOTHER EARTH, for while I know that the magazine has not been all that its publisher and editor hoped to make it, while it has not done all they have dreamed for it, it has in some ways accomplished more than their plans for it contemplated. While the ultimate effect of those actitivities originating in the MOTHER EARTH ASSOCIATION and centering around it are too subtle, too far reaching to be measured or even adequately conjectured, the traceable things are such that we may reasonably become enthusiastic even as to probabilities beyond our ken. Who can declare how much of the liberality of thought, freedom of discussion, and tolerance of action which we see increasing every day may be direcly due to these coast-to-coast tours, to the spoken word delivered, and the printed words disseminated? Emma Goldman has "toured exclusively for MOTHER EARTH," but in so doing she has scattered broadcast the seed of

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liberty throughout the land, and the harvest is not yet. They who have ears to hear have heard, and hearing, pondered. For Emma Goldman does not set empty echoes rolling through vacant minds. Her intrepid personality, fired by a noble ideal, energizes and vitalizes. At her touch we vibrate, we breathe deeper, we feel ourselves more fully alive, we are stirred and spurred to action.

When I would write of MOTHER EARTH I find myself thinking of Emma Goldman; not that I would belittle her co-workers, but because her tremendous personality puts its own stamp on the work and proclaims it hers. Nay, more! She has put her stamp on the whole country. Not so long ago a community which received Emma Goldman hospitably merited a gold star for its liberalism, while now the community which attempts to interfere with her work is marked down in black. From Emma Goldman hunted and hounded to Emma Goldman commanding respectful attention from colleges, exclusive clubs and scientific societies is a far cry,—but it is not Emma Goldman who has changed. Her courage and determination have forced recognition and respect, changing the attitude of the people.

Thus has Emma Goldman, in the indefatigable pursuit of her own work for the support of MOTHER EARTH, and the propaganda of Anarchism, been enlarging and conserving the liberty of the whole people; for freedom of speech for Emma Goldman means freedom of speech for you and for me, and for every man and woman with a message. This constitutes a forceful example of the social value of enlightened individual selfhood, for Emma Goldman, in seeking her own ends, has been assuring the rights of all, and accomplishing more for free speech and free assemblage than any society organized for the purpose. This work alone is a notable achievement and in itself gives MOTHER EARTH high rank as a factor in social progress.

Another important work incidental to the MOTHER EARTH tours is the spread of sex-rationalism. The innate purity and beauty and the eminent common-sense of Emma Goldman's lectures on the freedom of love and on limitation of offspring make her work along this

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line of vital import. The abominations of existing sex institutions are sickening the pure in heart of all faiths, and the vision of clean, healthy, sane and happy lives outside the pale is a revelation of salvation to many. No propaganda is more fearfully needed, none more far-reaching in its potentialities for human happiness than the propaganda of sex-rationalism, and MOTHER EARTH is not the least of its prophets.

Among Anarchists MOTHER EARTH has made toward harmony, toward breadth and fellowship. Standing for Communism, it has not been bigoted either in respect to the contributed matter in the magazine or with regard to the literature sold. It is looking toward the movement rather than insisting on the economicism. This is a tendency in the right direction. When Communists, Collectivists and Individialists can get together on their Anarchism they become an influence, not merely a nest of contentiousness.

Among the people in general—I speak now of the people of the United States. I admit I am an American, and glad of it. Let those to whom all patriotism is *anathema* sneer. I am quite sure my patriotism would not be acceptable to the political campaign orator, but I have an affection for America, a concern for America, passing my interest in any other part of the globe. I find, moreover, an intrinsic reality in nationalism, fundamental, developmental, and valuable to world-progress. While not claiming that developments here are any more important than those of any other country, I am especially and keenly interested in American social conditions, in the peculiar process of transition going on here.

So I am glad that MOTHER EARTH is in America, that it is making Anarchism recognized and respected here as a world-fact; as a theory, an ideal, that must be reckoned with. Not so long ago it was the well-informed man only who understood the significance of the word; now it is the ignorant man who does not know something of it. The Anarchist is now seen as an idealist where but shortly he appeared a villain, a brute or a clown. MOTHER EARTH shows him, not as a menace of darkness but as a man and a comrade. He is no longer an anomaly; the causes of his thinking and his feeling are made plain.

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Agree with him or not, like him or not, one has to feel him human.

As for numerical propaganda, I doubt if the actual number of avowed Anarchists has very greatly increased. They are not standing up to be counted, but the increase of Anarchistic thought which does not bear the title is enormous. It is in this that the strength of the movement consists, in this undercurrent that is sweeping inevitably toward freedom. Insensibly, even while holding to the letter of outworn tenets and outgrown usages, men and women are inclining more and more toward liberty, and this inner transformation, this change in the feelings of the people, *is the Social Revolution.*

A liberty-loving people cannot be enslaved. A despotically-minded people cannot be freed. The instinctive feelings, the habits of thought of the peoples do not change catastrophically, are not to be changed by political overturnings. Spasmodic upheavals change nothing but temporary local situations. Haste, repenting itself, too often sinks into deeper lethargy. Violence provokes violence, begetting a train of petty hatreds, stultifying love from which alone springs growth. Dynamite proves nothing, creates nothing but fear which is never constructive. The dynamiter, whatever his ideals, his motives, becomes temporarily but an instrument of destruction, checking development,—his own and all within his influence. Dynamite is but the stiletto thrust of Impatience, never the ocean sweep of Power. A liberty-loving people needs no dynamite, nor can dynamite profit a people who love not liberty. From the futilities of dynamite may you be freed, O MOTHER EARTH!

Likewise from that other petty obstruction, the personal animosity. Often, when receiving your monthly visits, have I longed to gather up all princes and potentates and tyrants, all money-kings and capitalists and exploiters whatsoever, and presenting them to you, announce in tones that must be heard "These, too, *are men!*" Intelligent, courageous, large-hearted men, many of them; as are peasants, laborers, agitators, many of them. Calloused and distorted and rotten altogether? Yes, many of them. So are the proletariat, many of them; likewise their advocates, some of them. And from the

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same cause. From the same cause! Your struggle, O MOTHER EARTH, is with the cause of misery, not with its victims; your battle is against institutions, against superstitions, not against their deluded victims. And these anti-social institutions, these baleful superstitions, that must be up-rooted and annihilated lest they throttle human progress—where are they? In the instinctive feelings and the habits of thought of their victims, the people, all the people. Be not deceived, O MOTHER EARTH, when you are awakening the love of liberty you are not merely "preparing the way for the Social Revolution," you are conducting the Social Revolution. When these inimical institutions are fully undermined in the minds of the people, they will fall of their own rottenness. Until that time, though you could dynamite kings, capitols, bourses, monopolies, corporations, out of existence, yet would tyrannies, exploitations, miseries rise again, since their roots would remain. More than this, the Social Revolution is not catastrophic but cumulative. It is a movement which gathers speed and momentum as it goes, unless checked and thwarted by premature upheavals.

Here is where we part company, MOTHER EARTH! Your Anarchism is stressed in its political value, mine in its psychological necessity. This value you also discern, but you clothe it with a material structure. Seeing the soul, you dream of a body incorporating it. You would institutionalize Anarchism, but an ideal cannot be institutionalized. Once imprisoned in form, it dies, and decay sets in.

Your dream is not my dream. Anarchism to me is a dynamic social factor, not a political expedient. I do not foresee the State overthrown and Anarchism established. Any violent overthrow of the State is but temporary. The State is an historic economic development which bears within itself the elements of its own metamorphosis. I foresee the State becoming a Fellowship approximating a pure democracy. I doubt if government can ever utterly be abolished. Purely Anarchistic groups there will doubtless be, and some of them will be successful; but the span of human life on the planet is limited. I doubt it can endure long enough to make Anarchists

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of the entire human race, certainly not Anarchists capable of living harmoniously together. Nations will persist, but woe betide the nation which has no Anarchist movement! Such a nation would dry rot and be cast out from the World-Fellowship; or it would petrify and be fit only for a Museum of Horrors. A pure democracy vitalized by an Anarchistic ideal—this is my vision of the future.

This is why I love you, MOTHER EARTH. Though your dream is not as my dream, you are doing my work. You are awakening the soul of humanity. You are spurring it on to that future which neither you nor I can see. And though we vision it otherwise, here are my congratulations for the work you are doing, and my heartfelt thanks.

And among the good wishes I would shower upon your birthday, I am "wishing on you" two things: more literary support from freedom lovers everywhere; and a better perspective, a broader view of existing conditions and a less doctrinaire interpretation of them; especially a keener appreciation of the trend of things in this country, and of the services to progress of some whose work is great, even though they may not see its full import.

Last, and heartiest of all, Roadway and Good Speed!

THE TWO EXTREMES

BY THEODORE SCHROEDER

I AM always glad to receive and read MOTHER EARTH, not because it is more judicious, more wise, or more true than other partisan journals, but because it is essential to the correction of my own perspective. In its pages I get glimpses of life and activity, of an intense urge for unusual ideals, founded upon unusual observation. One can not have even an approximation to a decent understanding of our social evolution who ignores the forces which find expression in MOTHER EARTH.

Here I see portrayed one extreme in the differentiation of individuals from the mass. In Mr. Rockefeller I see the embodiment of the other extreme. In all nature the extreme of "differentiation leads up, as its

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inevitable conclusion, to death." So here in the extremes of differentiation, as exemplified by the Rockefellers and the Goldmans, I see the death struggle of ideals, with the great commonplace crowd evolving to the place of law-maker, judge, jury and executioner.

Now the blind emotions of the crowd are oftenest turned against the Goldmans, but at other times, as in the French Revolution, it turns upon its Rockefellers.

In these extremes of differentiation I also see an exemplification of that other natural law, which appears to evolve the meeting and unity of extreme opposites. The partisans of Mr. Rockefeller and of Miss Goldman tend to unite in living above the law—in acting on the more or less conscious assumption that might is and ought to be the only arbiter of the ethical right. The godhood omnipotence of pharisaical opulence always involves, at least unconscientiously, the Anarchist philosophy and produces its more conscious manifestations among the victims.

No person can adequately understand our civilization or its products who has not first acquired a sympathetic understanding of the genesis and objects of the movement which finds a voice throughout MOTHER EARTH. The Rockefellers and the Goldmans are alike the symptoms of our social disorders. The Rockefeller symptom secures more sympathetic study than it deserves, and the Goldman symptom deserves more sympathetic understanding than it gets. Both should be equally studied and understood.

I welcome MOTHER EARTH as an important, and I might say indispensible, material for those who have outgrown the infantile aversion to shock and really desire to understand the social forces which some day may join in a "finish fight" in the process of reshaping our slow but ever changing institutions.

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MY DEBT TO ANARCHISM

BY SARA BARD FIELD

I owe a singular and supreme debt to Anarchism. It was the active agent in introducing me to my Friend, my own Soul. We had been strangers up to that time. There had been periods when I was not aware I

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had a soul, or, having one, I believed it had been given to me to shatter into bits and to deal out the pieces in continuous self sacrifice.

This idea was the result of Christian teaching. "Ye are not your own," Christianity had said to me. Back to this black lie Anarchism shouted "You are first and foremost and forever your own."

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me" the man-made God of the Christian Religion had said. Anarchism answered: "Thou shalt have no other god before Self."

To the commandment "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," Anarchism replied, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor by loving thyself."

In attempting to "render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's and unto God the things which are God's" there had been nothing left of Life's gift for self-development. Anarchism tore the veil of this sanctified hypocrisy and said: "Render unto Self that which is its own—your soul."

He who calls such deification of individuality ugly and destructive selfishness, denies that Nature's method of differentiation has been of benefit to growth. Society has need of differentiation of human beings, as Nature has of differentiation of species. The greatest gift a man or woman gives to the world is his peculiar selfhood in all its variation from his neighbor's.

We should be ill-pleased with the rose in our garden if it so spent its color, fragrance and form upon a bed of violets that it lost the very semblance of its own being and became itself a violet. We would raise an angry protest if it were suggested that the bandit Villon, the conjugally unfaithful Shakespeare, and the love-roaming Burns had foregone the expression of their natures in those experiences which to-day are enriching the world of poetry, and had remained at home respectable, orthodox citizens and irreproachable family men.

We should breathe anathema on the memory of Ibsen had he refused to leave his country and family because of their claims of obligation, and never have unfolded his soul in the dramas which have "moved man's search to vaster issues."

Is the world poorer for the "selfishness" of the rose?

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Of Villon and Shakespeare and Burns and Ibsen? Has their self expression been ugly and destructive to the ideals of Right and Beauty? No, the world is only poorer when men deny to it the infinite variety which individuality can give. Anarchism has found this out. It can introduce you to yourself. Then you can introduce yourself to the world. For not until you find your right relation to yourself can you find your right relation to Society.

ANARCHISM—LIMITED

By William Marion Reedy.

ALMOST I could be an Anarchist but—

A society woman of St. Louis, one of the advanced kind, met a young man of reactionary tendencies at a meeting of the Artists' Guild.

"What do you think of free love?" she inquired archly.

"I've never had any yet," he replied.

We have never had any free anything yet. Whatever we get we have to pay for. We must work for it, fight for it, or steal it.

So I don't see much chance for the operation of the law of equal freedom in this rough old world. That, however, doesn't prevent our striving for it.

I think that theoretically Anarchism is an unassailable ideal—so long as it is left in the realm of the ideal. At heart most of us are Anarchists—for ourselves. But not for other people. It is they we want to keep bound, while we would be free. This is a manifestation of individualism more universal than any other in society.

Most of us want to break over the conventions when it suits our mood or passion. But we don't want to pay the price. We are not ready to tolerate those who break over the conventions to which we still hold. There would be no trouble at all in bringing in the Anarchist *règime,* if only we were willing to accept the consequences of our conduct. But we are not so willing. We break the social contract in one part and when we suffer from the action we appeal to another part of the social contract for protection. And we won't let the other fellow kick over the traces when he will—we clamor for his punish-

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ment, even while we protest against our own. We people who think we are unconventional simply want to have our cake and eat it too; and that can't be.

So that we find those who say there are no rights not created by the community, protesting that they won't accept any communal rule when that rule puts any limitation upon rights. Yet the mere fact of the community creating rights implies that rights have necessary limitations, while the mere fact that an individual aspires to be free implies that he must resent those limitations. The assertion that my rights are bounded by the rights of others means nothing, if I don't think the boundaries wide and broad enough. It seems to me that voluntary association can never master or surmount this difficulty; that without coercion the individual can not be kept in voluntary association for any length of time.

I confess to experiencing a thrill when I sit under the spell of Emma Goldman's eloquence, every time she comes to my town. She quite wafts me away to her delectable Arcadia or Utopia, while she's present, but after she's gone, I find myself, as the saying goes, "bumping the bumps." This, though, I always hold of her, after she has gone, that if all those who are tentatively Anarchists, would pay the price as Emma pays it, or Berkman, or Reitman, or as Voltarine de Cleyre paid it, the ideal of Anarchism would come very close to realization in this world.

There isn't any law for the person who will not appeal to law, for the person who will live his or her life resolutely according to the spirit within them, and ask no odds of those who want to enforce their ideas upon others. And the world loves those who do this. The world loves a rebel even while it persecutes or executes that rebel. But the world has no use for a rebel who whines and whimpers when the world's laws inflict pain upon him. What would not Anarchism be if all so-called Anarchists had the consistency of John Brown or Wendell Phillips? The individual *a l'outrance* is invincible.

The individualist who seizes the machinery of law and uses it to his aggrandizment has honor—as we see in Napoleon or in Kaiser Wilhelm. The individual who

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recognizes no law but that of his own being but refrains from applying the law of his being to other beings may come in time unto his own, but of course that law of his being must be a law of love and not of hate. Can such a thing be? Why not? All true lovers of their kind have been Anarchists, law smashers, overturners of conventions, shatterers of institutions—so far as they went. You can not name a man or woman who has done anything liberative for the race who has not been, to the extent of his agitation and achievement, dignified with the title Anarchist. And though Bakunin condemns sacrifice, none of these Anarchists I have in mind have achieved anything save by self-sacrifice.

Institutions are but experiments. They may be founded on high hope and faith in good, but they finally fail. And they fail because they are institutions, because they stand still while man goes on, because they harden while life is fluid, because they are halts at apparent finality, while there is no finality in the life of the race. Man outgrows every institution to the extent that man grows. The path of progress is strewn with the wrecks and ruins of institutions. And how many men and women have been slain in the work of wrecking them when their ineffectiveness became known!

I do not doubt that the State idol will in time be overthrown as the church idol has been. Civilization is nothing if it is not the devolpment of the individual, his emancipation from repression and oppression. As man knows more, and forgets more of his knowledge of things that are not so, he must come to be a law unto himself. "My mind to me a kingdom is." I have no doubt that even the institution of marriage will be progressively modified until there shall be no reproach in the phrase "free love." I can conceive of love being free of the thousand and one coercions that make it anything but love. A love utterly free would be a love that would be tolerant, that would not be jealous or suspicious, that would not subordinate the woman to the man, that would require nor oaths nor pledges nor pains nor penalties, that would keep faith and maintain mutual confidence. If to-day a woman might honorably seek the man she cared for, instead of waiting to be sought and

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often waiting in vain, we should have, in my opinion, a saner social organism. That the world is ready for free love would be undeniable but for the fact that there are not enough people who conceive of love in terms other than those of possession, involving potential tyranny, but I am convinced that there are many marriages in which the ideal of free love is realized, except in the minor particular of the existence of mutual pledges. I know of unions in which the individuals thereto retain all their individuality and with no failure of love. For, theoretically, society itself asserts that the marriage is in the love and not in the ritual solemnization of the wedding pact. Society said not always so; but society says so to-day, because individuals know it is so.

The State is still a mighty idol with many, but the State totters. With us some are clamoring for more State, but what they want is more responsiveness of the State to the individual conviction or will. The tendency to communalize property is unmistakable, but while in the proposed communalization there is a strong tendency to a synchronous institutionalization of property, this tendency is not overlooked by the discerning and it grows ever clearer that State regulation and control carries an implication of tyranny. Now the great corporations complain of this tyranny and now organized labor feels its heavy hand.

Meanwhile education is developing the individualism that is not selfishness, but considers the other fellow, and the solidification of society under the influence of the cunning and the strong is offset by a growing fissiparative tendency which so far as concerns property is distinctly distributive in its logic.

I can see tendencies to Anarchism all about me. Of course, I don't mean Anarchism of the dime-novel sort, a revel of murder and lust and destructiveness. What I mean is the pushing to a further application of the Jeffersonian doctrine "That people governed least is governed best." About as far as I go for Anarchy is in recognition that as to property there may still be your property, but that there is a widening class of property that is recognized as *our* property. And our property we will increasingly take because we as a society make it,

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while your property and my property is that each of us produces for himself and is his to do with as he will without interference by the State. If each can get what he produces, and all have the benefit of all they produce, there must be decreasing need for the State. There must be freer play, more opportunity for the individual and in that larger liberty there must be an enlargement of men from the thralldom of that everlasting concern to get a living by tooth and claw, by hook or crook that is the cause and excuse for the "reign of law." The freer man can be made from the dread of property the less need there be for laws of all kinds.

Now, of course, this isn't as far as Honest Little Emma would have us go with her. She is very far ahead of this, but we can not all have her vision of and her faith in the perfectability of the race in a short time. But she follows the gleam; she keeps the faith. And in MOTHER EARTH she proclaims a gospel beautiful, even if, to some, it be an impossible beauty. Her's is "consecration and the poet's dream." "What!" says some one, "a poet's dream of violence?" But think! Look abroad! See the State in "sublime action" by Aisne, Rhine and Vistula; is that not violence *in excelsis*, and do we not call it "glory"? Has it not been written that "violent delights hath ever violent ends"?—and besides I have read much and heard much of Honest Little Emma and have yet to find her counseling violence, but always damning the violence of the State.

A great part of the intelligence of the world is with her just now. A greater part of the greater intelligence of the world will be with her in her further propaganda for the ultimate of individual liberty before MOTHER EARTH shall celebrate its silver jubilee, the which Emma may be here to see.

IMPRESSIONS OF MOTHER EARTH

BY BERTHA FISKE.

I distinctly remember reading my first number of MOTHER EARTH. It was a warm spring day in Los Angeles, just two years ago this month. I came into

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the little tailor shop of a Jewish friend whose interest in my getting acquainted with the working-class movement had been apparent. Why, I realized later on. He knew that in a larger economic adjustment "economic determinism" would be a small factor beside that of mental development, stimulating a revaluation of standards, expanding one's concepts, urging one on. In broken English he asked me if I would take and read the number of MOTHER EARTH which he had just received.

He had sometimes mentioned Emma Goldman to me but I, in the confusion borne of finding myself in the flux of the "revolutionary" movement after spending all my former life as a member of the upper middle-class and its attendant environment, had paid scant attention to his evident desire to discuss the Anarchist philosophy with me. My only associative memory of Miss Goldman was the recollection of being told as a child of thirteen by my family when I read in a New Haven newspaper that Miss Goldman was to speak there and inquired about it "she is a very queer woman—she is opposed to government." I recall I pondered on the point for several days but in the myriad, smaller matters of school-days the impression finally dimmed.

I took the brown covered booklet and went out and got on a car for home. I wondered if the conductor noticed it. I wondered if any of the passengers noticed it. I wondered how they would feel if they did notice it and how, as I sat reading the vivid denunciations of most of the things that are taken for granted, they could feel so calm and unconcerned—some were so plainly stupid and some so obviously happy. Life's tangents seemed impossibly remote, as if they never could be gathered in one circle, as if relationship was a shadow, as if the liquid sunlight, the waving palm tree branches and the swaying pepper boughs were completely out of place. I was aware of lowering clouds, streaks of lightning, crashes and discords. A new point of view had been opened up to me and I was not critical. I was aroused; MOTHER EARTH had interested me.

Now I have been reading MOTHER EARTH for two years. It is on my desk regularly along with many other kinds of magazines. When I turn to it I invariably recall

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one of its editorials in which it characterized itself "as a voice crying in the wilderness." Certainly its point of view is different; assuredly the manner and the method of its material is different. Here one finds the appeals of labor-cases which are usually slighted; the "other side" of many newspaper stories; through it one may keep in touch with the doings of its leaders (though Anarchists will object to that word!)

But I do not feel that it is a lone voice, nor that it cries in the wilderness. True the distresses of the times cannot be estimated; but try as we will, it is hard to feel life is all rain. If it were, how come we to know the light? Miss Goldman has succeeded in establishing an organ for her propaganda. Quarrel as you will with it, it has vitality and exerts influence.

The magazine is not Miss Goldman's ideal as her friends know. Many comments can be made on it; I, for one, find much I disagree with. At home in a comfortable armchair, I often think it "extreme." And that is just the reason why I read it.

A TRIBUTE

By Gilbert E. Roe.

AN ancient writer of some authority once defied an unbelieving world in the following language:

> *"Behold ye despisers and unbelievers,—and perish; for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it under you."*

Slightly paraphrased, this language might well be used by the sturdy publisher of Mother Earth, to describe her efforts and her achievement in keeping that magazine up to its high standard of excellence, during the ten years last passed. Mother Earth has thus far made a very valuable contribution to the radical movement. No one can understand just how valuable that contribution is who is not a reader of the magazine. It has earned for itself a distinct place in the literary and radical world. The next ten years should see its influence and its usefulness multiplied many-fold.

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THE GREAT DEBACLE

By E. ARMAND

I AM asked to write an article for MOTHER EARTH for its tenth anniversary. I do it gladly, for since it first appeared I have followed its career with a lively interest. I do not write this as a compliment, such as one makes a person one wishes to please. The proof of my interest in MOTHER EARTH is shown by the articles and extracts I have translated and published from it. I have before me, at this moment, a collection of the most recent numbers of the French publications which I have been editing the past fifteen years. I need only glance through them to find these articles. Here, taken at hazard, are "The Tragedy of Woman's Emancipation," by Emma Goldman; "The Dominant Idea," by Voltarine de Cleyre—two remarkable essays; "Tendencies of Modern Literature," by Zuckerman; "The Story of Annie," by Elizabeth Boole; a study of "Moses Harmon." by James F. Morton; another on "Manuel Pardinas," by Pedro Esteve. Then again I find a "Proclamation," by W. Curtis Swabey, and a poem, "The Revolt of the Ragged," by Adolf Wolff. I pass by, I need hardly mention, numerous quotations, etc., I have made. I believe this is eloquent testimony to my interest in MOTHER EARTH.

I confess that I would like to write at greater length, and put more of joy into this contribution. I know the struggles and difficulties and opposition that a publication like MOTHER EARTH encounters. To have resisted and existed so long in a country like the United States is a victory to be acclaimed by songs of triumph. But my mind is too preoccupied and my heart too torn to express the joy this anniversary calls forth. One subject only haunts me and torments me: the unquestionable bankruptcy of the movement of advanced ideas in our old Europe.

I do not belong either to the Socialists, or the Anarchist Communists, and their attitude did not surprise me very much. I have already seen too many turncoats and apostates. And the Individualists are not exempt. Still I confess that my imagination did not come up to the reality.

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I ask myself if I am not dreaming when I see this Revolutionist abandoning the class struggle for the time being to assist in the national defense; and that Anarchist, as a diplomat emissary to neutral States, to put before them a scheme that will precipitate a gigantic conflict between millions of men. On the billboard opposite is an official poster, on which appears the names of high ecclesiastical dignitaries, the most reactionary men in the public eye, fused with the most ardent of the Socialist Deputies and the most popular leaders of Syndicalism. One need only read the letter of resignation of Pierre Monatte, of the Council of the *Confederation du Travail* to see whether I exaggerate.

I must say that the attitude of the intellectuals is not more encouraging. Among literary men, until now known as anti-nationalists; among scholars, renowned for their pacificism, one can count on one's fingers those who have protested against the war-fury let loose on Europe by the sinister International of War. Nearly all of them —the religious and the free thinkers, atheists and monks, those who incline toward the pen, and those who depend on speech—nearly all have joined the fighters. What a collapse!

I know well enough that revolutionists in neutral countries are writing and proclaiming the ideas of the old International of the workers, protesting against this stand of which I write, and are dreaming of revolution after the war. First of all, one may say, that it is not a great virtue to write like this in a neutral country, where one is quite sheltered, and one might ask what the attitude of the protestants would be if their country were drawn into the conflict. It is quite evident that those who favor the idea of insurrection ignore completely the state of mind of our opponents. One must be blind not to perceive that such a movement would have no chance of success. There exists a repression, worse perhaps, than that which crushed the Commune of 1871. It gives the governments an easy opportunity to impose silence—without a chance to reply—to the rare spirits who may have resisted in the first general disorder. It is on this handful of men that the mass of those who may escape from shot and sharpnel, excited by the paid press, will perhaps avenge them-

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selves at the end of the war, for having been kept so long from home.

As it was impossible to prevent the massacre, and as it is impossible to stem it, much as we would, I believe that we ought to ask if we have not been deceiving ourselves until now about the value of our propaganda, as well as the way we have gone about it.

And here I wish, in all sincerity, to give the results of my experiences and my reflections.

I believe that the anti-authoritarian propaganda is at present incapable of touching and profoundly rousing a great number of men. I think that a movement of the masses has no chance to make itself felt without being strongly organized, disciplined like the military. I think that, generally speaking, human beings can not get along with authority. I think, too, that without a strongly centralized organization, it will be impossible to alter our economic conditions.

I am absolutely convinced that only a small minority, a very small minority, among men, are seriously reached and profoundly moved by our propaganda of criticism, of doubt, of rebellion, of free investigation, of independent research.

On the other hand, it is clear that our first interest lies always in seeking to increase this minority; to keep it, under all circumstances alive, active, refreshed. Our own happiness depends on it.

But we will not be able to keep alive a vigorous spirit of revolt in this small minority, if we give our propaganda a purely negative tendency, a tendency frankly destructive. Too often we do not stop to inquire where their preconceived ideas have disappeared when we give them a social morality of "a future society," a mature economic system—all of which is more than remote. Too often we have wished "to reconstruct their minds, without waiting to see whether "the destruction" was complete. It is our greatest fault.

Many of those with whom we come in contact believe in extra-natural ideas, in abstract aspirations, in far off results, in joys, not based on the senses, many, who would not wish to make a clean sweep of notions of "rights" and "duties" against the State and Society in

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all its domains (social, moral, intellectual, economic, etc.). One must expect that the first crisis will leave them bewildered and ready to give up.

The free man says to himself: "No duty binds me to my fellowman or to my world that oppresses and exploits me, or maintains or contributes to that which oppresses and exploits me. Nothing more will I give to the man or the world that I despise. I do not give him or them any right to my person, my life or my production. Neither do I recognize that I have any right over the person, the life or the production of another. I reject all imposed solidarity, all forced fraternity, all coerced equality. I do not accept any association, except that which I freely choose and freely consent to, and reserve the right to break it off whenever I feel it may injure me." On the above must rest the existence of all enemies of authority. It is the *raison d'etre* of their existence. It would be on this basis that theory and practice would really be efficacious, and this is how we must carry our anti-authoritarian propaganda to those who are interested.

Life is never a conserved phenomenon. It comprises, on the contrary, many phenomena essentially destructive. It is negation itself of fixity, it is a continuous selection, an incessant wear and tear. Everything annihilates and consumes itself. That is why a rebellion accomplished by individuals, without much idea of social reconstruction, comes much nearer being a vital action, it seems to me, than a revolution made by allied conspirators, of an organization with a well defined theory of communal happiness. The latter is altogether conservative; a governmental conception that must impose itself even on those who have no desire for communal happiness. This conception has nothing anti-authoritarian in it.

I am convinced that that only logical attitude that the enemy of authority and exploitation can adopt—practiced by one like the other—is an attitude of resistance, of objection and of opposition to all that threatens him—environment, institutions, individuals—that limit his development, and crush his personality. I think it is because the communist, revolutionist, or individualist propaganda neglected to insist on this essential attitude that we are the witnesses of the great debacle which is saddening all of us.

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AN INSPIRATION

BY MARGARET C. ANDERSON.

I have known MOTHER EARTH only for a year; therefore I can't write of its struggle and achievements with authority. But I can imagine them profoundly. And I have known Emma Goldman for about half that time, and I can imagine the struggle and the achievement and the genius of her life profoundly. And since Emma Goldman *is* MOTHER EARTH I want to pay all my tribute, on this anniversary occasion, to her.

Sometimes it seems incredible to me, not that we fail to recognize greatness of spirit, but that it is ever recognized among us. We have gone so far from the age of great feeling that it really would be amazing to find a soul like Emma Goldman understood by even half the people among whom she lives. If anything Hellenic still lingered upon us we should probably have festivals in honor of these rare mighty people, their lives would be attended by some special worship in the fine Greek manner—festivals to the Earth Spirit, the Mother Spirit! The peculiar appropriateness of that name MOTHER EARTH for Emma Goldman's magazine is a thing to rejoice over. Because you feel in her what people must have felt in Goethe—that sense of being included in the cosmic secrets of nature. There are spirits who can be described in exquisite images of stars, trees, rivers, hills. There are others for whom you need bigger conceptions—earth, sky, sea. But for Emma Goldman you must reduce to the largest concepts—you can only say land, water, air. In this way MOTHER EARTH, as a name, has a significance, an appropriateness, quite beyond what its founder imagined when she chose it.

I have an instinct that Miss Goldman and I will sometime have a long and heated argument about this matter of form. She believes that it is of second importance; I think it is first. And I shall be able to refute her very cleverly by applying my theory to her life.

The great thing about her life is that it has been lived in "the great style." I mean this in the way John Cowper Powys uses the phrase in his incomparable lectures on literature; and I shall have to quote him as he applies the spirit of "the grand style" to living. He says:

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"When a man or woman experiences desire, lust, hate, jealousy, devotion, admiration, passion, they are victims of the eternal forces, that can speak, if they will, in 'the great style.' When a man or woman 'argues' or 'explains' or 'moralizes' or 'preaches,' they are the victims of accidental dust-storms, which rise from futility and return to vanity. That is why Rhetoric, as Rhetoric, can never be in the great style. That is why certain great revolutionary Anarchists, those who have the genius to express in words their heroic defiance of 'the something rotten in Denmark,' move us more, and assume a grander outline, than the equally admirable, and possibly more practical, arguments of the Scientific Socialists. It is the eternal appeal we want, to what is basic and primitive and undying in our tempestuous human nature! The grand style announces and commands. It weeps and pleads. It utters oracles and it wrestles with angels. It never apologizes; it never rationalizes; and it never explains. That is why the great ineffable passages in the supreme masters take us by the throat and strike us dumb. Deep calls unto deep in them, and our heart listens and is silent. To 'do good scientific thinking' in the cause of humanity has its well-earned reward; but the gods 'throw incense' on a different temper. The 'fine issues' that reach them, in their remoteness and disdain, are the 'fine issues' of an antagonist worthy of their own swift wrath, their own swift vengeance, and their own swift love."

This is the quality of Emma Goldman's life and work This is the temper of Alexander Berkman's spirit. This is the essence of MOTHER EARTH. This is why Anarchism remains the only philosophy possible to the artist or the man. This is why we cannot use little words like "magnificent" or "tremendous" or "marvelous" or "glorious" to describe the work of these great people; we can only use big words like "grand." If MOTHER EARTH had done nothing but publish Berkman's *Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist* it would have done more for the cause of humanity than any other magazine published in this country has ever done. And think of its ten years of activity in the greatest of all work: the re-creation of human beings, the awakening of sleeping souls, the introduction of transvaluations in human ideals. May all the gods bless MOTHER EARTH, its wonderful creator, and its whole brave company!

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GOVERNMENTALISM

MOTHER EARTH Stands for a Good Hope

By BOLTON HALL.

CONTRARY to the general impression there is less interference with personal liberty by government than ever before.

We hear a great deal about the increasing State regulation of industry. This supposed tendency was a trouble to Mr. Herbert Spencer. Investigation shows, however, that no such drift exists: the current seems rather to be setting the other way. What looks like such a tendency in legislation is simply an attempt to meet new conditions by a partial application of old specfics. It is not necessary to examine our American legislation in detail, as a few words on Spencer's essays on *The New Toryism* and *The Coming Slavery* will illustrate the point. Spencer refers with grief to fifteen English acts passed from 1860 to 1864. These were two extensions of the Factories Act to include certain trades, acts regulating prices of gas, truancy, two for vaccination, hire of public conveyances, drainage, employment of women in coal mines, authorized pharmacopoeia, two for local improvement in bake-houses, and inspection of food. These are fair types of "socialistic" legislation here and everywhere else.

All these, except those for the hire of conveyances, employment of women, for coal mines, bake-houses, and inspection of food, are applicable to conditions that were not dreamed of a hundred years ago; and even these five appear to have become serious only on account of the nineteenth-century crowding of cities and growth of factory life.

From 1880 to 1883 Spencer finds eleven "socialist" acts of Parliament. They are for regulating advance notes on sailors' wages, for the safety of ships, compulsory education, excise, trade reports, electricity, public baths, lodgings, cheap trains, payment of wages, and further inspection of bake-houses. We have all of these here.

Now compare these, one by one (to take our samples from incidental references in the same essays), with the press gang law, which, up to the middle of last century, enslaved the sailor; with the fifteenth century law which

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prohibited captains from setting out in the winter; with the law of "benefit of clergy," which exempted from hanging those who could read; laws fixing the price and quality of beer; penalizing the export of gold; with the laws that, up to 1824, forbade building factories more than ten miles from the Royal Exchange; regulated the minimum time for which a journeyman might be retained and the number of sheep a tenant might keep; and, finally, those fixing the maximum wages of laborers and the size and price of the loaf. All these laws, of which the type is the fourteenth-century regime restricting diet as well as dress, aimed, like present laws, to correct what seemed to be abuses. They all passed away, having failed to correct the "abuses."

How unreasonable, then, to pick out a few from thousands of laws to which the State subjects its citizens; and to say that we are advancing in the path of restriction: because, under conditions a hundred times more complicated than those of our ancestors, they restrain personal liberty in various respects or provide for State management.

The fact is that the growing pressure of misery, the growing perception that monopolies are infringements of the rights of the people and that wealth is unnaturally distributed, lead those who see no better remedy, hesitatingly, to apply ancient expedients for the cure of evils either new in themselves or newly perceived.

Experience shows that the more complicated the legal machine becomes, the worse it works.

MOTHER EARTH is the only magazine in this country that steadily maintains that the people, in as far as they are free, automatically regulate things for themselves. Under the stimulus of enlightened self interest and kindliness they get far better results than can be had from regulation by others. It persistently shows that, not the methods of Government, but the thing itself is wrong.

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THE DOOR

By R. A. P.

THERE are a few doors through which the spirit may escape from the crowded corridor of conventionality. We never discover them until we begin to become restless and fatigued with the monotonous lockstep that drags us along this corridor. We seek to escape; but some of these doors lead only into other corridors, narrower, darker, more deadly even than that first prison in which the victims of American schools and colleges are crowded. Only a few of these doors disclose the open air of intellectual freedom—a wild, windy, adventurous wilderness where one encounters a few happy fugitives, or sometimes some dazed and blinded soul, still clad in the habits of the prison and still exuding the putrescent odor of dead ideas.

To some of us, in memory at least, MOTHER EARTH must remain always such a door. Perhaps this door has been a concealed one—suppressed and barred by the guardians of Youth's prison. But prisoners who did discover it and pass through it are certain that it led into no spiritual or intellectual *cul de sac*, but into the new universe of freedom. When one has passed through and absorbed the light and air of this new universe, one can never return. When one has wandered forth in search of adventure in this unexplored region of spiritual freedom, revolution has become a reality. But once in this new world, one is apt to forget the charnel-house of ideas from which he has emerged. One is sometimes too ready to forget that little hidden door which enabled him to escape into the open. One may meet and grasp the hands of the great solitary free spirits living out in this windy expanse. But at times it is well to recall that Youth's prison is not a symbol but a reality, guarded and fortified and well buttressed by the powers of darkness. At these times it is well to realize the importance of the door through which one has passed out into the real world.

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THE REBEL PRESS

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD.

ANYTHING that leads toward liberty is of more value than art, valuable as beauty is.

MOTHER EARTH steadily teaches liberty. It arouses thought toward liberty—sometimes by shaking us—and by thought alone do we really progress. When we have digested a thought, it is ours; and when society has understood and accepted a theory, it has become a fact.

A few periodicals, such as MOTHER EARTH, *The Masses, The Little Review,* recognize that liberty is the great fundamental—soul liberty and economic liberty. These and such as these are the only papers worth while to-day. They are the only leaven, the only living sparks, the only things that breathe. The great press is a gilded prostitute. It has a fixed code of lying villification against its enemies and lying adoration for its friends. Its friends are its advertisers, its political bedfellows and any others who will put money in the purse of the inky Iago. Truth is left outside the editorial rooms in the cold, and the soiled bullies, fear, scandal, sensation, revenge, toast their toes at the editorial stove. There are fine men in the newspaper world, that is, as fine men as there can be who believe one thing and write another. They, too, are "wage slaves" and manufacture to order. The master is our same system, special privilege, sordid gain, enforced by laws—police, militia, military and the social mob.

Now the people in MOTHER EARTH—and these other papers called radical—write what they think, and that is a thing infinitely valuable to do, whether or not we like the thought or the expression. It is a great thing for anyone to freely express himself or herself. That is really living. By that the world will move; by that the individual will grow; by that the truth will be thrashed out and found like kernels of wheat under the chaff on the threshing floor. And truth and freedom will be found to be one and the same. Freedom to speak, to teach, to love, to work, to use the natural resources of the earth, to write, to play, to sing, to weep; to be a free

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being in a free environment; to live, to live wholly.

I respect the brave rebels who, not for money, not for gain, not for personal ends, but for love of the generations, toil and suffer that men and women may some day possess their own souls and live of themselves, for themselves, in themselves.

I take off my hat and bow respectfully to Emma Goldman who dares defy those stuffed antediluvians, devourers of individual freedom—Church and State.

WHY EMMA GOLDMAN IS A DANGEROUS WOMAN

BY CASSIUS V. COOK.

A tall, lean professor, with keen but kindly eyes, pointed his long finger at me—indicating that it was my turn next. Before this audience of two dozen studious souls, all very much in earnest, I arose

The insistence of Professor Tarr was as sticky as his name—experience as a student in his college for expert accountancy,—which of course was small—had taught me that. Before this class-room of strangers whom I knew to be mostly Anarchists, I was to tell why I was one of them—and if not, why not.

It was the first meeting of ultra-radicals I had ever attended. Of course I came to listen—not to talk. The office carpet felt thick under my feet and the tasty furnishings reminded me that I must say something worth while or "cut it quick."

Another look from the leathery old professor, who was a little hard of hearing, and I said in the clearest tones I could command that "I am an Anarchist because I believe every individual has the right to do as he wills, provided he infringes not the equal right of any other." Then I sat down.

The evening's argument began. It was supposed to be a kind of a "testimonial meeting." The professor's wife was a great Methodist but—he was not. This was the reason that his class-rooms on the fifth floor of the Emporium Building were at the disposal of the "intellectuals" of San Francisco every Sunday night. He must have known what would happen when he pointed

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me out to "testify" so early in the meeting.

Immediately a young man from New York City attacked my statement with true Jewish vehemence. He stood not for "equal freedom." I was dubbed a follower of Benj. R. Tucker whom I had never read. I was not abashed. Then arose a dashing, graceful vigorous son of Italy, with fine dark eyes and black hair. In fluent English, Eugene Travaglio, maintained the position of his "communist" friend, Samuel Mintz, against my "individualism."

The debate waxed warm. The long Yankee face of the old professor lighted up—he could hear only "heated argument."

Next the trim, keen, clear thinking Charles T. Sprading arose to champion "equal freedom" against "absolute freedom," while the suave, smooth tempered individualist —Sol Silverberg—followed trying to calm the vehemence of the situation.

About eleven years have transpired since this meeting and so far as I know none of us have had a change of fundamental convictions. Earliest impressions are the strongest. They persist longest. Whoever heard of a real Anarchist backsliding? Some do, I suppose. But Charles T. Sprading has brought out his wonderful book, "Liberty and the Great Libertarians" with which Eugene Travaglio as editor of his "Why" magazine has found little fault. We all agree that we want liberty and that liberty is freedom from invasion—not freedom to invade. To determine what constitutes "invasion" is another problem. I still conceive it to be any encroachment in violation of an "equality of freedom."

Meetings similar to this when reported by newspapers are the basis, I presume, for the stories that a bunch of Anarchists have decided the fate of kings. They dare not report the real truth. To reproduce the true principles discussed might convince many that the philosophy of freedom was desirable and irrefutable.

In discussing the economics of Anarchism the "Communists" opposed "extensive co-operation" as proposed by the individualistic Anarchists.

Emma Goldman's name was mentioned freely. I asked for a definition of "Communism" but none was forthcoming. Two or three years afterwards it was rumored

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that she proposed a lecture tour to the Pacific Coast. After reading what books of Kropotkin's I could get on "Communism" and consulting the encyclopedias, I still was not clear on "Anarchist Communism," but I would learn from Emma Goldman herself.

Ten whole dollars did I subscribe from the slender purse of my young manhood towards the expense of the tour. It was not to help a "propaganda" of which I did not yet know whether I approved. Like my Roman namesake, "the lean and hungry Cassius," the world before me was yet to be conquered.

This quiet, busy, executive woman, much loved and much feared, came to San Francisco to teach. But such is the paradox of life—she was too busy to teach. There are no aristocrats among Anarchists except to the diffident.

I realized, however, why Emma Goldman is such a dangerous woman. I will tell you why. It is because she is right so much of the time. When you can not answer arguments with facts, the usual defense is to "throw mud." Proof: See the newspapers!

Thus began the years of co-operation with the propaganda that is the very life of Emma Goldman. Year after year has she toiled to maintain MOTHER EARTH. The reward to the person who immolates themselves to doing "propaganda for freedom" is usually imprisonment. To get peace, we must fight! To secure freedom for ourselves and our fellowmen, we must go to jail! The power of the *"illogic"* rules the world. Tyranny—not liberty—seems the dearest possession it protects.

The problem of the libertarian is how to radicalize the non-radical; how to reach the non-rationalist; how to rouse the already rational libertarian into action and thus universalize intelligence and freedom. Tyranny is the riotous son of "ignorance and apathy." "Liberty," Proudhon says, "is the Mother of Order." Let me ask then, who is the father, if not "Enlightenment?"

When a personal problem becomes common to a large number of people—it becomes a social problem. The greatest social problem is that of spreading intelligence and dispersing apathy.

MOTHER EARTH does its mite. It should be made to

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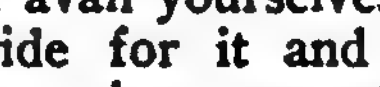
do more. To reach the "radicals" only is not sufficient. Lend your hand and reap the reward that springs from the consciousness of having "planted" for a "better day."



SOUVENIR

By Fred P. Young.

I can hardly realize that MOTHER EARTH is celebrating its tenth anniversary. It certainly has been an awful task for its mother, E. G., and its friends, all owing to prejudice, superstition and ignorance. This has been one of the principal reasons why the milk of human kindness and moral support have been withheld. But in spite of all this, MOTHER EARTH is entering upon its tenth year, and I truly trust and hope that it will meet with all the encouragement imaginable, as it is a *true* friend of humanity. I remember the night of March 2, 1908, in Springfield, Missouri, at a Spiritual (?) Temple—the only place to be had at that time for a lecture—that in my remarks introducing Emma Goldman I gave vent among other things to the following: "Emma Goldman has a baby to provide for. I have a sample of the baby with me—it is called MOTHER EARTH. It is a lusty one and very young in years, but *brimful of vim and vigor*. I trust all of you will avail yourselves of the opportunity of helping to provide for it and thus encourage its mother to continue to give you nothing but the Truth which will make you free." So I simply reiterate this with all the vim and vigor capable in one at the age of 62—and that the next anniversary will be as full of truth and wholesomeness for humanity as the past has been and that its prosperity and subscription list will be second to none. The March number may be a souvenir, but I can't see that it will be any better than the ones I have. *They are all souvenirs to me.*

Springfield, Mo.

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SCHMIDT AND CAPLAN

BY DR. BEN L. REITMAN

MATTHEW SCHMIDT and David Caplan have been caught. The last chapter in the famous *Times* explosion has begun. William J. Burns, who built his moving picture reputation on the capture of the MacNamara Brothers, has added to his collection of big game the two men wanted so much by blood-thirsty Los Angeles—Los Angeles, who promised upon her word as an honorable city that, if the MacNamaras pleaded "guilty," no more cases would come to trial, and the City and County authorities would shake hands with Labor and let bygones be bygones.

Relying on the word of the District Attorney, the Judge, the Chamber of Commerce and the Mayor, two "innocent" brave men pleaded guilty. Not to save their own necks, but to save their comrades, and the result is that the government of Los Angeles lied. The District Attorney, the Judge and the leading business men betrayed their fellow men. They proved that they were as contemptible and as inhuman as the rottenest kind of poorly paid stool pigeon. They taught Lincoln Steffens and Fremont Older not to try to help Labor with the Golden Rule.

Men, who have built up their fortunes and reputations by the rule of gold, are not fit to apply the Golden Rule. Los Angeles first broke its promise to Labor by trying Clarence Darrow. They slapped Labor in the face and said, "Damn you, we have you!" and tried thirty-three labor men, and twenty are in the Federal Penitentiary now. All because men talked of love and the Golden Rule, and "you first show me if your intentions are good." Labor has done this too often. It must now say, "No, no, our intentions are bad. We do not love you. We will not trust you. You masters and officials, you lied to us, you betrayed us. The fight is on. Go to it. Kill us! Jail us! Torture us! Give us no mercy! We are your enemy, and we mean to destroy you. We will tear down your government. We will take everything that you robbed us of, and we will not do it in a loving spirit."

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After four long years, Schmidt and Caplan are in the hands of their betrayers. Strange to say the newspapers are not singing the praises of the famous detective agency. Burns himself is not boasting. Why?

What part, if any, these two had in the *Times* explosion we do not propose to discuss at this time. All we wish to say is that these men are our friends and comrades and in all their trials and troubles we shall love them and do all in our power to help them. We are confident that, for the first time in the Labor movement, the world will see what men do when they have an heroic sense of justice, a great sympathy for their fellow man, a holy love of their class, and a thorough understanding of the Labor Movement.

BUNDLE DAY AND THE POOR OF NEW YORK

By Stella Comyn.

IT was Bernard Shaw in his preface to "Major Barbara" who pointed out that the greatest crime of all was the crime of being poor, that no other crime was so severely punished by society, nor held in such contempt. The truth of this was never brought home more clearly than this past month by "Bundle Day" and the many bread lines that were established all over this great and prosperous city.

A committee, composed of New York's richest and most respectable men and women, whose worldly goods are so ample as to preclude them from ever committing the crime of being poor, issued a widespread appeal asking everyone to send garments they wished to discard to various depots, such as the schoolhouses, churches, settlements etc. These were to be made up into bundles and distributed by the good and charitable ladies in charge to the unemployed at the Mark Cross Building, Fifth Avenue and 26th Street. Of course, the newspapers gave the widest possible publicity to the scheme,—the good and the great generously giving away the clothing they no longer needed to the unemployed and the poor that they might cover their thin, ugly, poorly nourished

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bodies, perhaps might even find jobs, if they looked less poor and less criminal, in this best of all possible worlds. After many postponements and the usual amount of red tape, the day of distribution was announced, together with the conditions this well-groomed and wealthy committee were to impose on these unfortunates.

First of all, he who wanted one of the castoff overcoats, suits or other garments of the charitable had to be known to and favorably recommended by a priest, or minister, or school teacher, or some other respectable Pharisee. The question was not "does this man need clothing for his miserable, starved and half frozen body?" but "is he respectable and lawbiding enough to deserve these garments we no longer want?" Secondly, it was announced that the delay in distribution had been partly caused by the decision of the committee that tags should be sewn on the clothing to show that they were "gifts" and to prevent, if possible, their pawning by those criminal enough to be so poor as to need bread. Last and not least, the good ladies in their Paris frocks, and the kind gentlemen in their well-cut English suits took a day or two longer to pick out the best bundles of clothes to sell to those not quite so criminal—those who could pay a little. What right they had to sell these bundles that were given to them free is of course one of the unexplained puzzles in the larger one of the poor ye shall always have with ye.

Distribution day arrived at last, and those fortunate enough to possess a suitable recommendation lined both sides of the street and gathered in Madison Square opposite. All sorts and conditions of men and women, old, young, white, black, clerks, stenographers, workingmen, scrubwomen, women with children in their arms, stood in line for hours, waiting for the bundles, that the kind committee could not sell, to be doled out to them. Some are said to have stood in line for twenty hours. I, myself, saw the same shivering wretches in the raw atmosphere of the first day stand in line for five hours. Our City Fathers provided police protection, of course, to see that order was maintained. And between these patient lines of ragged human beings, well-appointed motor cars rolled along the world's richest avenue.

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Last year's unemployed demonstrations seem to have inspired not only the beneficent "Bundle Day," but various bread lines all over the city. The Knickerbocker Hotel had on the average two thousand hungry men and women waiting hours for a sandwich of bread and sausage, gazed on by curious "slumming parties" from their limousines. A few soup kitchens were established and were almost mobbed by hungry men, women and children. And yet out of our plenty, with these scenes before our eyes, we send shiploads of food and brand new clothing to far-away Belgians, Poles and Servians, to the accompaniment of columns of praise in our worthy press.

Then there is the Mayor's Committee on Unemployment. It is establishing shops for the manufacture of bandages and wearing apparel for the soldiers in Europe. In some of these shops the worthy poor are paid ten cents an hour. And some of them are so filthy and unsanitary that the bandages after they are made have to be thrown away. And others, with raw material on hand, and machinery installed, are idle because money was raised for the purchase of the material and for the payment, such as it is, of the workers, but with their usual foresight, the committee neglected to provide salaries for foremen, and are now asking for volunteers. Meanwhile, those who have committed the crime of being poor and unemployed must wait—and starve.

The strangest thing of all is that these paltry measures serve their purpose. The respectable and worthy folk—those who have—hold on to their possessions with added security; and the criminal poor—those who have not—grow more accustomed to their misery and become more cowed and abject. The day may come when they will awaken and refuse to commit the crime of poverty. Who knows?

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TO OUR READERS

We are being swamped by requests for Margaret H. Sanger's pamphlet, "Limitation of Offspring." We regret that we can not satisfy our friends, as it is impossible for us to handle the brochure, owing to the antiquated and antediluvian postal laws upon the Statutes, but we do have "What Every Mother Should Know" and "What Every Girl Should Know," both by Margaret H. Sanger, which sell at 50 cents and 25 cents respectively. We recommend both as most important instructive reading for every household.

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BERKMAN IN DENVER

BY GERTRUDE NAFE.

YES we have heard Berkman. And I despair of telling you what it was like. When it was over a few said, "A great lecture," but not many. Most of them said nothing at all about the lecture.* They said, "That is the greatest man we have known." And there were others who said nothing, boys, some of them too young to give words to their feelings. But I wish I could translate the flame in their eyes. We had not been hearing a lecture, we had been meeting our own souls through one, great enough to interpret us to ourselves.

Quietly, so easily and simply and gently that you scarcely knew that it was happening we were taken up and forced to look upon this world as we have made it. And when we were through we thought of Shaw's saying, "For many of us death is the gate to hell, but the gate out of it, not into it."

And yet I do not know how he did it. There were so few terrible details, all were made quiet, simple, incidental, almost commonplace. Any of us would have been sure that we could have told those events with more effect. We could have made it much more lurid. But when he sat back, lighted his cigarette and asked questions, there were no questions. We had seen the kingdom of the devil and walked in it, and we had no wish to talk. Yes, more important, underneath it all was the lyrical triumph that is underneath all great artistic tragedy. "This too, the human soul may look upon and conquer."

And it all seemed so quiet! But to each it was so personal so intimate an experience. We were like children who confidently approach a fire which neither flames nor smokes and find a bed of anthracite coals. Now I believe in purgatory, for my soul has been taken through a fire that it could not endure, so that the past which could not endure should be burned away. We should not be the same people we were before he came. And from the depth of souls made stronger because he touched them, we love and honor Alexander Berkman.

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* Crime and Punishment.

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AN APPEAL FOR FINANCIAL HELP!

THE Ferrer School is facing a crisis, and appeals to its friends for immediate financial relief. At the present moment it is staggering under a load that is greater than it can bear. All of our friends know of the great improvements that have been made in connection with the School this winter. The teaching staff of the Day School has been increased from two to four; a number of visiting instructors are assisting in the work; lunch is being prepared and served at the School every day; our monthly bulletin has grown to the proportions of a magazine; the Art Class has been extended from two to four evenings a week; new classes have been added in voice culture, piano, singing and other subjects; a Free Theatre has been organized and considerably developed; a Summer School, on land owned by the Ferrer Association, is in prospect. But these innovations have enormously augmented our expenses during the present "hard times," and we are finding it impossible to meet our obligations. We need $1,000 to carry us through the winter, and we have devised several plans for raising at least part of this sum. But *we need $250 to meet our immediate and pressing debts.* We cannot continue without this $250. At a meeting of the Association, specially called to consider the critical financial situation of the School, it was decided to insert this appeal in the February-March issue of "The Modern School" and to ask every reader to *send without fail one dollar by return post to the organizer of the Association.* Such a contribution will not fall heavily on any individual. In its totality it will save the School. We call upon each one to do his duty. If you respond to this appeal as you ought to, the $250 will be raised within a week's time, and our immediate crisis will be tided over.

FRANCISCO FERRER ASSOCIATION,
63 E. 107th St., New York City,
JOSEPH J. COHEN, *Secretary.*

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THE STATUS OF THE SANGER CASE

By LEONARD D. ABBOTT

THE trial of William Sanger, arrested by Anthony Comstock on January 19th for the "crime" of having handed to a visitor a copy of a pamphlet by Mrs. Sanger on "Family Limitation," has been set for March 15th. A jury trial is being applied for. Gilbert E. Roe, it is expected, will handle the legal end of the case.

Mr. Sanger's friends are busy at the present time raising the funds necessary to provide him with a proper defense. At least $500 will be necessary. If he is defeated in the lower courts, his case ought to be carried to the Court of Appeals. Contributions from all over the country are beginning to come in, and should be sent to Leonard D. Abbott, President of the Free Speech League, 241 East 201st Street, New York City. At the time of this writing about $80 is in hand.

This case may become a historic one. The time is ripe for fighting out the issue that Mr. Comstock has raised. If Americans, even of the conservative type, are ready to stand for Mr. Comstock's latest performance, we shall be disappointed. In England, forty years ago, efforts were made to imprison Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant for disseminating Neo-Malthusian pamphlets of the type of "Family Limitation." The charge was dismissed, the Lord Chief Justice declaring that so ill-advised and injudicious a charge had probably never before been made in a court of justice. A steady decline in the English birthrate began in 1877, the year following the trial.

The London *Malthusian* for January devotes generous space to an article entitled "Neo-Malthusianism in the United States." It notes the activities of Dr. W. J. Robinson, Margaret Sanger and others, and finds that there have been very decided signs of late that the people of the United States are getting restive under the diabolical Comstock law against dissemination of knowledge concerning contraceptive measures and under the Post Office censorship that Mr. Comstock exercizes. *The Malthusian* says: "It passes ordinary understanding how

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a country which has proudly proclaimed itself 'the land of the free' should have meekly bowed its head for years under a law which imposed five years imprisonment and a fine of £1000 for the sending out of every individual description of contraceptive devices, and under a Post Office censorship which keeps a large staff of officials opening letters and instituting prosecutions."

On the cover of each issue of *The Malthusian* appears a printed form, to be filled in and signed, by means of which adults may obtain from the Malthusian League a free leaflet entitled "Hygienic Methods of Family Limitation." Each issue of *The Malthusian* also carries the legend: "The Malthusian League regrets that it is unable to comply with applications for this leaflet from the United States."

Some day America will throw Comstock overboard and catch up with the rest of the world. It is to be hoped that the Sanger trial will mark the beginning of the end of his power, and will initiate a movement to remove from the statute books the odious laws for which he and his associates are responsible.

POLISH JEWS' APPEAL TO THE CIVILIZED WORLD

SOME journals in this country, even those Socialistically inclined, maintain the romance of the miraculous conversion of the Russian bureaucracy to humane ways—by virtue of the present holy war. It is sheer fiction. The foreign committee of the Union of Jewish Workmen of Lithuania, Poland, and Russia (the "Bund") have issued a heart-rending appeal which shows up the humbug of this pretended belief in the humanity of the Russian authorities. The appeal starts with a general reference to the reactionary rule in Russia, and especially to the measures for the suppression of autonomy in Finland, and then comes to the question of the Jews:

"We shall not say much about the general situation of the Jews. It has not changed. The most barbarous regulations remain in force, such as the prohibition against living outside certain quarters, the hampering of

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careers, the restrictions in the matter of entry to the schools, and so forth. The administration continues the confiscation of Jewish property, night raids to track down Jews who have not the 'right of sojourn,' etc. These are the usual miseries of Jewish life in Russia.

"The point to which we wish to draw just now the attention of the civilized world is the fact that there are atrocities unprecedented even in the annals of Tsarism which are being committed against the Jews under the pretext of military necessity. In the region of the armies, the campaign which the government has undertaken against the Jews has every appearance of being dictated by a policy of extermination. The theatre of the war in Russia is especially Poland and some provinces of Lithuania included in the 'territory of residence' of the Jews. The Jewish population of these regions is completely ruined by the war, and to a large extent is literally starving. Thousands of Jews have been forced to fly before the invaders, and the devastation resulting from the invasion; but the government is taking precautions to prevent any Jew going beyond the limits of the Ghetto; and those who have been able to find asylum in the towns situated outside the Ghetto are arrested, punished for breaking the law, and sent back to their devastated homes. Often exemption from these measures is refused even to Jewish soldiers wounded on the field of battle, so soon as they leave the hospital. All attempts to obtain permission to live outside the Ghetto, in order to find the means of existence, have come to nothing. The reply is formal: there is no legal pretext for such permission.

"The people of Europe will be astounded at the information that, while France, England, and Switzerland are receiving with great solicitude Belgian and other refugees, the Russian government refuses to those of its own nation the right to move from place to place, and thus condemns them to utter wretchedness.

"That is not all. Under the protection of the military and civil authorities, the soldiers, demoralized by anti-Semite propaganda, as well as the dregs of the Polish population, are organizing in Poland a series of pogroms. The Jews are assassinated, their property pillaged. Even

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a town like Lodz, the 'Russian Manchester,' with a population of half a million, has suffered, while the Russians still occupied it, a pogrom which lasted several days. The Jews of Poland are literally outlawed.

"But the military authorities have not confined themselves to such persecutions as those already mentioned, which are, so to speak, traditional; they have a new program, or rather one borrowed from the Middle Ages: the exile of entire Jewish populations from a large number of localities. To the sound of the drum the whole Jewish population of the district is assembled, and it is announced that, by an order of the military authorities, they must leave the town in twenty-four hours, sometimes even in three hours. Those who fail to do so are brought before a court-martial."

The appeal then gives details of the miseries suffered by the aged and sick on the march, which lasts sometimes for weeks, and a quotation from a St. Petersburg journal is given as follows: "About two o'clock in the afternoon all the road from Warsaw was covered with the Jewish population from Grodzisk. We were about 1,500, including 300 *families of mobilized men;* old and young, children and women, some pregnant and some recently confined, sick and infirm. About five or six o'clock we reached Bloue, eight miles from Grodzisk, but we were not allowed to enter the borough, and had to make a detour through a flooded field. We gathered some branches, and, covering them with our coats, carried the women and children as far as the roadway, and here we met some patrols, who demanded our passports. Night came on, cold and damp; the slippery mud retarded our footsteps, and we advanced painfully, insulted, and sometimes goaded, by the soldiers. Two women were confined, and yet another died on the way."

"That," continues the appeal, "is typical." As soon as the Jews leave their homes and shops, these are pillaged by the soldiers and marauders. More than 100,000 refugees are seeking asylum in Warsaw. Under the smallest pretext Jews are brought before a court-martial. "And what can be said of the violence of the Cossacks? *To kill a Jew, or rob him, at least has become with them a sport,* which entails no punishment."

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"Citizens of all civilized countries, can this sad recital of unprecedented persecutions, and of the frightful tragedy of a people numbering several millions (of whom 250,000 are fighting for the Russian nation), oppressed by the reactionary bureaucracy of its own country, can it draw from your hearts a cry of just indignation? Will the conscience of humanity find the necessary words to condemn for ever these shameful acts?"—(*Translated from Humanité by L. J. S.*)

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We regret that we have to call attention to some of you that you are delinquent in paying your subscription, and though we have written you many times, you have not even replied. We must therefore notify you that this is the last number we will send you. Perhaps you do not know that every number of our magazine is published at a loss, and the burdens of keeping a large list of unpaid subscribers for months in succession are entirely too heavy for us to carry. We make one more appeal to you for your renewal.

If you will send us $1.50, we will continue the magazine for a year and give you a copy of "King Hunger," the latter is a most powerful play, portraying Hunger leading the Masses to rebellion and failure; on the other hand, emphasizing the necessity of intelligence and economic consciousness for a successful revolution.

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Mother Earth is constantly receiving requests from radical groups, libraries, labor unions, penitentiaries, to be put on our free list, which we would be glad to do, if we had the means. If you will contribute an extra dollar, you will enable us to meet some of the numerous requests. Also we are asked repeatedly for sample copies of our magazine, and our literature, and though we send out large quantities during the year, we can not, of course, satisfy many. Are you not sufficiently interested to help in that direction? As we are beginning a new year, we hope that you will assist us to the best of your ability, because now more than ever is the time to act and to spread Anarchist thought.

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WAR AND CAPITALISM

(CONCLUSION)

By PETER KROPOTKIN

INDUSTRIAL CRISES DUE TO ANTICIPATION OF WAR

The necessity for preparing, long beforehand, formidable quantities of war material and accumulations of stores of every description, brings about in all industries shocks and crises from which every one, and especially the working man, suffers to a terrible extent. This fact was to be observed quite recently in the United States.

Every one, no doubt, remembers the industrial crisis that devasted the United States some three or four years ago. In a measure, it is not over yet. Well, the origin of this crisis—whatever may have been said about it by "scientific" economists, who know the writings of their predecessors, but ignore real life—the true origin of this crisis lay in the excessive production of the chief industries of the States, carried on during several years in anticipation of a great European war and of a war between Japan and the United States. Those who spread the idea of these wars knew well the effect that the expectation of such conflicts would exercise in stimulating certain American industries. In fact, for two or three years a feverish energy reigned in extracting all sorts of metals and coal, and in the manufacture of railway plant and preserved articles of food, as well as all materials for clothing.

The extraction of iron ore and the manufacture of steel in the United States reached quite unexpected proportions during these years. Steel is the principal article of consumption in modern warfare, and the United States manufactured it in a fantastical way, as well as those metals, such as nickel and manganese, which are required in the manufacture of various kinds of steel used for war material. At the same time, the big American concerns vied with one another as to who would speculate the most in gun-metal, copper, lead, and nickel.

The same thing happened with supplies of corn, preserved meat, fish, and vegetables. Cottons, cloth, and

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leather followed closely. And as each great industry gives rise to a number of smaller ones around it, the fever of a production far in excess of the demand spread more and more. Money-lenders, or rather credit-lenders, who supplied the manufacturers with capital, profited of course by this fever, even more so than the captains of industry.

Then, at a blow, production suddenly stopped, without it being possible to ascribe the fact to any one of the causes to which preceding crises had been attributed. The truth is, that from the day when the great European financial houses were sure that Japan, ruined by the war in Manchuria, would not dare to attack the United States, and that no European nation felt itself sufficient sure of victory to draw the sword, European capitalists refused to give credit either to those American bankers who kept up over-production, or to the Japanese "Nationalists."

The threat of an imminent war ceased. Steel factories, copper mines, blast furnaces, dockyards, tanneries, all suddenly slowed down their operations, their orders, their purchases.

It was worse than a crisis, it was a disaster. Millions of workers of both sexes were thrown on the street and left in the most abject misery. Great and small factories closed down. The contagion spread as during an epidemic, sowing terror around.

Who will ever tell of the sufferings of millions of men, women, and children, of broken lives during the crisis, while immense fortunes were being made in anticipation of mangled flesh and the piles of human corpses about to be heaped up in the great battles!

This is war; this is how the State enriches the rich, keeps the poor in misery, and year by year reduces them more and more to subjection.

* * *

Now, a crisis resulting from the same causes as the one in the United States will in all likelihood be produced in Europe, and especially in England.

Towards the middle of the year 1911 the world was astonished at the sudden and quite unforeseen increase in English exports. Nothing of consequence in the world of economics led us to expect it. No reason for it has

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been given precisely, because the only possible explanation is that the orders came from the Continent in anticipation of a war between England and Germany. As we know, this war failed to break out in July, 1911; but if it had broken out, France, Russia, Austria, and Italy would have been compelled to participate in it. It is evident that great financiers, who supply speculators in metal, provisions, cloth, leather, etc., with their credit, had been warned of the threatening turn relations were taking between the two sea Powers. They knew that both Governments were pressing forward their preparations for war, so they hastened to give their orders, which increased English exports in 1911 beyond measure.*

*A few figures will make these economic shocks the more apparent. Between 1900 and 1904 the exports of British produce from the United Kingdom were normal, and fluctuated round about £300,000,000. In 1904 there was a rumor of a great war; the United States quickened her production, and English exports rose in three years from £300,000,000 to £426,000,000. But the war, so longed for, was not forthcoming, and there was a sudden decline of orders; the crisis we mentioned broke out in the United States, and exports of English produce fell to £327,000,000. In 1910, however, the anticipation of a great European war was about to be realized, and in 1910 and 1911 English exports rose to an absolutely unforeseen height which they had never approached before. Yet nobody could explain the fact. In 1911 the exports reached £454,000,000, and over £487,000,000 in 1912. Coal, steel, lead, fast vessels, cruisers, cartridges, cloth, linen, foot-fear, leather, preserved foods—everything was in demand and was exported in huge quantities. Fortunes were heaped up visibly. Men were about to massacre one another; what good luck!

To the same cause is also due the recent extraordinary rise in prices of all provisions without exception, at a time when neither the yield of last year's harvest nor the accumulation of all kinds of goods in warehouses justified the rise. The fact is also that the rise did not affect provisions only; all goods were influenced by it. Orders continued to pour in when no reason whatever, save the anticipation of war, could be brought forward for this excessive demand.

And now it would be sufficient that the great Colonial speculators of England and Germany agree about their share in the partition of Eastern Africa, and to act in concert as regards "the spheres of influence" in Asia and

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in Africa—that is to say, come to terms over the next conquests—for a sudden stoppage of industry to take place in Europe similar to the crisis from which the United States have suffered recently.

In truth, this reduction began to be felt already at the beginning of 1912. That is why the Coal Companies and the Cotton Lords of England proved so uncompromising towards their workpeople and drove them to a strike. They foresaw a reduction of orders when they had already too great a stock of goods and too much coal piled up around their mines.

* * *

When we closely analyze the facts arising from the activity of modern States, we understand to what extent the whole life of our civilized societies depends, not on the *facts* of economic developments in nations, but on *the manner in which various groups of monopolists and privileged men, more or less favored by the State, react on these facts.*

Thus it is evident that the entry into the arena of economics of such a powerful producer as modern Germany, with her schools, her technical education spread broadcast among her people, her youthful high spirits, and her capacity for organization, of necessity changed the relations between nations. A readjustment of forces was unavoidable. But, owing to the specific organization of modern States, the adjustment of *economic* forces is impeded by another factor of *political* origin: the privileges and the monopolies constituted and upheld by the State.

In reality, modern States are specially constituted in order to establish privileges in favor of the rich, at the expense of the poor. The great financial houses of each nation always lay down the law in all political matters of importance. "What will Baron Rothschild say to it?" "What attitude will the syndicate of great bankers in Paris, Vienna and London take?" Such questions have become the dominant element in political affairs and in the relations between nations. It is the approval or disapproval of the State Church and of the brewers to be faced; but the Church and the brewers are always in agreement with the great financiers, who take care never

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to interfere with their partisans' income. After all, as a Minister is but a man who holds fast to his office, to his power and to the possibilities of enrichment which his post offers to him and to his supporters, it necessarily follows that the question of international relations is nowadays finally reduced to knowing whether the favored monopolists of a particular State will take such or such an attitude towards the favorites of the same calibre in another State.

Thus, the *state of economical forces* brought into action is determined by the technical development of divers nations at a certain time in their history; but the *use* that will be made of these forces depends entirely on the *degree of servitude* towards their government to which populations have allowed themselves to be reduced. The economical forces which could produce harmony and well-being, and give a fresh impulse to libertarian civilization if they had free play in society—these forces, being directed by the State, that is to say, by an organization specially developed to enrich the rich and to absorb all modern progress in order to benefit privileged classes—these same forces become an instrument of oppression, of monopolists, and endless wars. They accelerate the enrichment of the favored, and they augment the misery and the enthralment of the poor.

This is why those economists who continue to consider economic forces alone, without analyzing the limits within which their action is circumscribed nowadays—without taking into account *the ideology of the State,* or the forces that each State necessarily places at the service of the rich, in order to favor their enrichment at the expense of the poor—this is why such economists remain completely outside the realities of the economic and social world.

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